

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION,"

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FOOTRY.

From the Vicksburg Sentinel. TO A LADY AT PARTING.

For that kindred soul must part,
That only a few sunny hours
Have been upon the glad heart
And leave the rest to gloom and showers.

Time when we were to part away
The fairest face I ever saw,
And the heart that was so true,
And the memory's hour is here.

Let the life of time dash on,
Like ocean's pearls they brighten shine;
And let the tear for daylight gone
That wakes a kindling star like thine.

Our course is on a troubled wave,
And we are more reckless than when we prove,
And from this, when you call to save,
I will be the cheerful cry of Love.

Thy smiling waiting, some sweet power,
Not love or friendship, but a love
Thy smile like a rainbow's bow,
All smiles or ear on my mixed "em."

Mixed "em" av, there's the secret, 'lady,
That half the world have lived unknowning;
You taught me, and I know am ready
From rainbows to make a sun-glowing.

Thy heart's true health, all free
From heart's ailment and fever;
Thy heart's true health, all free
Turning earth's dross to gold forever.

L. R.

Vicksburg, August 5, 1839.

HAPPINESS

Surest friend, 'tis your desire to see,
A true receipt of happiness from me;
The chief ingredients, if not all—
Take an estate not too great nor small,
A wife and children, the doctors call,
A quiet mind, a good care descend;
The getting it, too much of life do spend,
Take such a good, whose gratitude may be
A true encouragement for industry,
Let content be the winter's joy;
And let the kitchen's vestal flame
The to the town let never suit at law,
And let, very, rarely, business draw,
The active mind in equal temper keep,
Let disturbed rest yet not in sleep,
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain
With which all the composition vain
The most of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships were, and let them be
B. nature's aid by fortune fit for thee.
Invent of art and luxury in food,
Let march and freedom make thy table good.
If any care in thy day time creep
At night, without wine or opium, let them sleep.
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art,
And let the world and the world's part,
Enjoy the present hour be thankful for the past,
And let the future, with the approach of the last.

MARTIAL.

MERRY THOUGHTS.—The following unique composition appeared in the Huntingdon, (Pa.) Courier, in April, 1831.

Whereas my Pink, my pretty toy,
My wife, my SARAH JANE,
Has left my home, and her employ,
To seek another man;
The cause of this, I have ascertained,
All people not to trust
To her the worth of an Acorn,
Or to let it all be true;
For I determined not to pay
The value of a straw
Off or contract in any way,
Unless compelled by law.

April 13, 1831.

From the Casket.

APPREHENSION.

BY S. S. GOULD.

"Oh! sister, he is so sweet and tall,
Though I want the ride, he will spoil it all,
For, when he sets out, he will let me fall,
And give me a bump, I know!
Mamma, what was I to do?
About the world's hobbles, the other day,
How some would get on, and scold away,
To end with an overthrow!"

"I said, little sister, the world was a race,
That many would mount with a smile on the face,
And ride to their ruin, or fall in disgrace;
That he who was dead to fear,
And did not look out for a rein or a guide,
His career might end on the highway side,
In the mid, rock, and brambles; to end his ride,
Perchance, with a sign and a tear!"

"Oh! sister, sister, I fear to try,
For sister's back is so 'live and high!
It creeps at my touch—and he winks his eye—
I'm sure he's going to jump!
Come, dear mother, tell us some more,
About the world's ride, as you did before,
Who told it up—and all how it bore
The fall, and got over the bump!"

THE SONS OF MURAT.

The Countess Lipona, Ex-Queen of Naples, has appointed Joachim Murat, son of Lucien Bonaparte, her residuary legatee, and has left to him every thing left to her by the Emperor Napoleon—his sword, bed, portrait, &c. The will directs that he shall be educated and live in France. Her daughters, Letitia and Louisa, (Countesses of Popoli and Pasponi,) will receive what the law accords them; and the two sons will retain every thing that will remind them of their brave and heroic sire. We see it stated that these young men reside in this country—in what part we are not told—and are practising as barristers. Their absence from their mother is said to have greatly increased the anguish of her last moments.—*Boston Transcript.*

The two sons of Murat referred to in the above paragraph are Achille and Lucien. Achille, the eldest son, was on board the frigate in which his father sailed on that desperate and fatal expedition to recover the throne of Naples. At that time he was some ten or twelve years old. Subsequently he passed several years in Austria, and on coming of age, emigrated to the United States. He purchased a plantation near St. Augustine, in Florida, devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor.

About the year 1825, the Seminoles, who at that time occupied what is now known as Middle Florida, were induced to cede their lands, and to retire southward into the peninsula. Murat, in company with his friend, Col. Gadsden, of South Carolina, was one of the first adventurers who explored the country thus ceded, they built a hut in the midst of the wilderness, and employed themselves in land hunting, that is, seeking out fertile tracts which might be purchased to advantage. These gentlemen entered plantations some fifteen or twenty miles west of Tallahassee. Murat called his plantation Lipona, the title assumed by his mother, which is formed from Napoli, the Italian of Naples, by reading the syllables backward.

Among the French, and other foreign settlers, in that vicinity, Murat commonly went by the title of the prince, though the state which he kept did not exactly correspond with the notions we are apt to attach to that title. He might be met in the woods, on a lean horse dressed in the common homespun of the country, with a long whip in his hand, hunting cattle, with the outward style of which is known in that country as a *Georgia crack*, rather than that of the heir and claimant of the throne of Naples. Having settled in the woods, he availed himself of his liberty, and seemed to cast off all regard for the mere forms and shows of artificial society; his domestic establishment was on the same careless plan. It is related of him, that one day, a large party from Tallahassee having come out to pay him a visit, he sent for his cook to inquire what there was in the house for dinner. "Nothing at all," replied the cook—a circumstance rather apt to happen in the days of his bachelor house keeping, when things went with him pretty much at sixes and sevens. Just at the moment of this alarming announcement the overseer came in to say that he had driven up the cattle of the plantation, and to inquire of Murat what mark he should put on them. It is to be observed, by the way, that in Florida, the cattle belonging to the several settlers run wild in the woods, the whole time. Once a year, however, they are hunted and driven up for the purpose of marking the young cattle—every proprietor having a particular mark, generally a slit of some kind in the ear, by which his particular cattle are distinguished. "What mark?" said Murat, "why, cut off their left ears, and bring them all in directly to the cook!" This was done accordingly, and Murat's guests were soon served with a dinner, consisting principally of cow's ears, dressed in every variety of style. To this day, in riding through the woods in that vicinity, if a cow happens to be seen mutilated of her left ear, she will be pointed out with the observation, "There goes one of Murat's cattle."

That Murat is a philosopher, and no epuic, will appear from the following anecdote. One day at a dinner party, the conversation turning on the different sorts of vices, Murat declared that during his early residence in Florida, he had made trial in the way of eating—divesting himself of all prejudices of all the various birds and beasts which he could lay his hands upon. "Crow soup," said he, "is fine; alligator's tail is excellent; but turkey buzzard is not good; I have no prejudices, but it is not good."

Subsequently, Murat married a daughter of Mr. Willis, the Navy agent at Pensacola, and a grand niece of Gen. Washington. Mr. Willis had emigrated from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Florida, bringing his daughter, a beautiful young widow, with him, and at that time resided at Tallahassee. Mrs. Murat is a lady of uncommon beauty, spirit and good sense. An excellent housekeeper, and she has put Mr. Murat's domestic establishment upon a somewhat more orderly footing.

The French Revolution of 1830 excited new hopes in the mind of Murat. He mortgaged his property, raised what money he could, and set sail for Europe. He spent some time in England, and John Randolph observed of Mrs. Murat, that she was the only American he had ever met abroad, of whom he was not ashamed. Brought into society with the most aristocratic, exquisite and elegant, she made no attempt to imitate affectations, and never condescended to echo the sentiments of her new associates, but maintained the simple elegance of her

native manners, and on all fit occasions expressed opinions and sentiments proper to an American woman, though discordant enough from the prevailing sentiments of her new associates.

After waiting in vain for a repeal of the law which excludes the family of Napoleon from the French territory, and finding that any ambitious hopes he might have entertained had little prospect of fulfillment, Murat went to Belgium, and obtained a commission of Colonel of Cavalry in the army of Leopold. He had originally received a military education. Afterward, however, when Leopold married a daughter of the King of France, he found it necessary to dismiss Murat from his service, who returned to Florida after an absence of three years.

Returning to Florida, Murat resumed the occupation of a planter and a lawyer. Previous to his visit to Europe, he had been for several years a postmaster, under the appointment of the United States government. Subsequent to his return, he was appointed Judge of the County Court of Jefferson, in which office he gave good satisfaction.

Achille Murat has little of the personal appearance of his father. He is small of size, and his constitution has suffered severely from the effects of a paralytic shock, experienced some years ago, that he appears to be much older than he is. His face presents a striking resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon. He is a man of great accomplishments, being thoroughly versed in the Italian, German, French and English languages, all which he speaks with perfect fluency. He has a great taste for mathematics, and is well acquainted with the most recent works in that department of science. He is a man of reflection, but in many points his opinions are rather visionary. He has a strong disposition to engage in speculations, but in these undertakings has been generally unsuccessful. His most sure resource has been an annuity which he has received from his mother. Large sums of money, recovered from his father's estate, have from time to time come into his hands, but they have generally been spent soon after they have been received.

Lucien Murat, the younger brother, has resided, we believe, principally in the state of New York, where he has acted as agent for Joseph Bonaparte, for the sale of certain lands belonging to him in the northern part of that state. He lives now, we believe, in New Jersey.—*Boston Atlas.*

A YANKEE WEATHERING THE LAW.
[The true Yankee aptitude for expedient is thus humorously described in the following passage which we extract from Willis' *Al Abri*, just published.]—*Phil. Chronicle.*

"A third person is one of my neighbors, who can see nothing done without showing you a 'cuter way' and who sitting on the sill of the barn, is amusing himself quite of his own accord, with behaving; cleaning and picking an unfortunate duck, whose leg was accidentally broken by the fall. His voluntary occupation is stimulated by neither interest nor good nature, but simply the itching to be doing something, which in one shape or another, he brings to every genuine Jonathan. Near him, in cow hide boots, frock of fustian, and broad brimmed sombrero, of coarse straw, stands, breathing from a bout with the fall the individual from whom I have stepped apart, and upon whose morning's worth of existence you shall put a philosopher's estimate."

"I presume my three hours' labor might be done for about three shillings; my mind, meantime, being entirely occupied with what I was about, calculating the number of bushels to the acre, the price of corn farth down the river, and between whiles, discussing the merits of a patent corn sheller, which we had abandoned for the more laborious, but quicker process of thrashing."

"Putty 'cute tool!" says my neighbor, giving the machine a look out of the corner of his yellow eye, but too slow! "Corn ought to come off 'ravin' distracted. 'Tat no use to eat it up in labor. Where was that got out?"

"Twas invented in Albany, I rather think."

"Wal, I guess 'twant. It's a Vermont notion. Rot them Green Montingers! they're a spiling the country. People won't work when them things lay round. Have you heard of a machine for buttoning your gawloves behind?"

"No, I have not."

"Wal, I've been expecting on't. There ain't no other hard work they haint economized. Is them your hogs in the garden?"

Three last porkers had nosed open the gate during the discussion, and were making the best of their opportunities. After a vigorous chase, the latch was closed upon them securely, and my neighbor resumed his duck.

"Is there no way of forcing people to keep those brutes at home?" asked my silent tenant.

"Yes, sir. The law provides that you may shut them up and send word to the owners to come and take them away."

"Wal, it's a chore, if you ever tried it, to catch a hog if he's middlin' sly, and when he's catch'd, you've got to feed him, by law, till he's sent for and it don't pay, mister."

"But you charge for the feed," says the other.

"Peaky, little, I tell ye. Pig fodder's cheap; and they don't pay you for carrying on't to 'em. It's a losin' consarn."

"Suppose I shoot them?"

"Sartin you can. The owner'll put his vally on't, and you can have as much pork at that price as 'll fill your barn. The hull

neighborhood 'll drive their hogs into your yarding."

I saw that my neighbor had looked at the matter all round; but I was sure, from his manner, that he could, if encouraged, suggest a remedy for the nuisance.

"I would give a bushel of that handsome corn," said I, "to know how to be rid of them."

"Be so polite as to measure it out, mister, while I head in that hog. I'll show you how the deacon kept 'em out of the new buryin' ground while the fence was buildin'."

He laid down the duck, which by this time was fairly picked, and stood a moment looking at the three hogs, now leisurely turning up the grass at the road side. For a reason which I did not at the moment conceive, he presently made a dash at the thinnest of the three, a hungry looking brute, built with an approach to the greyhound, and missed catching him by an arm's length. Unluckily for the hog, however, the road was lined with coked rail fence, which deceived him with a constant promise of escape by a short turn, and by skillful heading off, and a most industrious chase of some fifteen minutes, he was cornered at last, and secured by the hind leg.

"A hog," said he, dragging him along with the greatest gravity, "hats a straight line like wizen. If they'd run right on end, you'd never catch 'em in nature. Like some folks, in't it? Boy, fetch me a skrimmage of them whole corn."

He drove the hog before him wheelbarrow fashion into an open cowpen, and put up the bars. The boy (his son who had been waiting for him outside the barn) brought him a few ears of ripe corn, and as soon as the hog had recovered his breath a little, he threw them into the pen, and drew out a knife from his pocket, which he whetted on the rail before him.

"Now," said he, as the voracious animal unaccustomed to such appetizing food, seized ravenously on the corn, "it's accordin' to law to take up a stray hog, and feed him, ain't it?"

"Certainly."

By this time the greedy creature began to show signs of choking, and my friend's design became clearer.

"And it's christian charity," he continued, letting down the bars, and stepping in as the hog rolled upon his side, "not to let your neighbor lose his critters by choking if you can kill 'em in time and save their meat, ain't it?"

"Certainly."

"Wal!" said he cutting the animal's throat, "you can send word to the owner of that pork to come and take it away, and if he don't like to salt down at a minute's notice, he'll keep the rest at him and pay you for your corn. And that's the way the deacon served my hogs, down his long face, and I eat pork till I was sick of the sight on't."

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.
P. ILOUS ADVENTURE AT THE FALLS.

The new bridge to Iris Island is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, and is only about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter named Chapin was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon a staging about one hundred feet from Iris Island, accidentally lost his footing and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away toward the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him; but fortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this hopeless condition retained perfect self possession.

Turning his eye toward the only point of hope above the fearful precipice, he succeeded by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some twenty feet in width and length, the outermost of the group of little cedar islands situated some thirty or forty yards above the falls, and about equi-distant from Goat Island and the American shore.

There he stood for an hour looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance, and the roar of the rapids.

There is a man in the village of the Falls named Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal an admirable boatman—and he is probably the only one that could have been found within fifty miles—who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island in a boat to bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in construction to the White Hall race boats, was soon procured, and he embarked.

He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, dashing his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies holding up to survey his situation and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then with all his strength darted across and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current. Retaining, however, his grasp on the boat he sprang in, and again seizing his oar brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labor and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and a strong arm could only effect it—Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his com-

panion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labor, they effected a safe landing on Goat Is and.

There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued—the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved and carried by acclamation that a collection be taken up for Chapin, and his noble hearted deliverer, Robinson. It was a generous one, and was thankfully received; but the reflection to Robinson that he had rescued a fellow being under such circumstances, will be to his heart a much richer one. After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbors to the village.

The interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable and fearful fate. With what devout and heartfelt gratitude must they have thanked God, when the husband and parent once more stood by their side, safe and sound.

SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.—"Well, Sally," said I, smiling, "am I to lose you on Sunday night?"

"I am afraid so, ma'am," said she, sliding behind the door.

"Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I, "I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you."

Upon this, Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the forefinger of her left hand, and said—

"My mother, ma'am, was a poor woman in Salem, the widow of a sea captain. He was lost on a voyage, and she fell sick, declining like I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, and my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbor to say I was afraid she would not stand it. Our neighbor sent back she darsen't leave her baby, who was sick, but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come and welcome."

"Then I was forlorn, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My mother was in a faint all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up; but he found he made me cry more, because it didn't seem somehow respectfully to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he couldn't comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look, as if he wished he could."

"The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come too a little, and spoke right out, 'Sally, dear.'"

"What, mother? says I, and my heart beat as if it would come through."

"Is there any body with you?" said she.

"Yes, my dear mother, a friend," said I, whispering.

"Will he take care of you?" said she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

"Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down, and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and so solemn, 'I will take care of her, so help me God.'"

"She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, not sorrowful, but as if she was satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

We give from English papers received at this office, two extracts in relation to this lady. If we may judge from the journals before us, a considerable amount of excitement exists on account of it. The Queen has been attacked in a most violent manner for the course of conduct pursued by her, and the ministerial papers, as in duty bound, warmly defend her.—*Balt. Chron.*

From the London Globe.

At a few minutes after 2, yesterday morning, Lady Flora ceased to breathe, her last moments being perfectly tranquil; there was not the slightest appearance of pain. Her death-bed was surrounded by the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, Lady Sophia Hastings, Viscountess Forbes, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. When it was announced by the medical attendants that Lady Flora was no more, the whole circle gave expression of the deepest grief. The Duchess of Kent was deeply affected, and gave vent to her feelings by a flood of tears. The Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings returned to their apartments at the Burlington Hotel at 3. By the command of Her Majesty the whole of the blinds of Buckingham Palace were closed at an early hour yesterday morning, out of respect to the deceased lady's family, to remain so until the removal of the body. At an early hour yesterday morning a courier was despatched with the melancholy intelligence to the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, at London Castle, North Britain, and Lady S. Henry, who arrived in town only a few days since, also left town yesterday to console with her venerable parent on her domestic bereavement. Last evening, at the express wish of the Marquis of Hastings, there was a post mortem examination in order to remove any erroneous impression as the cause of her ladyship's decease. Sir A. Cooper, Sir B. Brodie, Dr. Chambers, and Dr. Holland, were present. Sir Benjamin Brodie was the officiating surgeon. Her

ladyship died with an enlargement of the abdomen, and internal inflammation. The mortal remains of the deceased are to be removed from the Palace on Tuesday next, and will from thence be conveyed for interment at London. The Marquis of Hastings intends to accompany the remains of his sister to Scotland. It is the etiquette of the Court that when any member of the household dies within the Palace, the body should be removed in 24 hours; but in this case that etiquette will be dispensed with.

From the Morning Post.

"Lady Flora Hastings, two days before her death, earnestly requested—requested in terms and in circumstances which gave to her request the force of an awful and irresistible command—that her remains should be subjected to the most minute examination. Let the world think of this request as urgent, enforced. Let mankind figure to themselves a noble lady, exquisitely susceptible of all those emotions of female delicacy which impart to English women their peculiar and their greatest charms, issuing from not dying lips, with an earnestness, with an energy which physical weakness made more authoritative and sublime, a request, a command, that she should be subjected, after death, to an examination, the very idea of which is repugnant to feminine sensibility. And, impressed with this image, which seems so monstrous and unnatural, let them reflect upon the circumstances which produce it, and which render it natural, lovely, chaste—upon the circumstances which transform a vision of horror into all that is 'wisest, virtuous, discreet, best.'"

"Lady Flora Hastings knew the Court of Buckingham-house too well, and had too anxious a regard for her own posthumous fame and the honor of her noble family, to be indifferent to any guarantee against detection. Defamed while living, she nobly determined that no pretext or subterfuge should be left for courtly defamation after her death. She felt herself reduced to the painful necessity of choosing between the scruples of female delicacy and unclouded brightness of female honor. And even in the state of bodily weakness to which her slender years persecutors had reduced her, she had still so much strength of mind as enabled her to prefer the latter. For this noble decision the women of Great Britain will hold her Ladyship's memory in eternal reverence, as they will hold her name in honor, as they will hold her noble lady's name in honor, in her dying moments, to the necessity of deciding such a question, in overruling abhorrence and contempt."

"But the honor of Lady Flora Hastings and the infamy of her persecutors are now, it is satisfactory to know, matters of permanent and indelible record. To add another syllable to this announcement would be to debase the subject."

"The friends of the Court ladies and the Court physician are going about audaciously asserting that the Queen was the author of the foul calumny against Lady Flora Hastings, and that all the indecent and brutal conduct practised towards that unfortunate lady was by the unprompted and uninfluenced command of Her Majesty. The assertion is of course as false as it is unconstitutional. And, be the fact what it may, every Englishman is bound in constitutional duty to disbelieve the assertion. But, assuming the monstrous hypothesis for a moment that this wicked assertion can be true, we still say, and shall take an early opportunity of showing, that so far from exonerating the Court ladies and Court physician from any portion of their guilt, it adds enormously and fearfully to their revolting and odious criminality."

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

There was a learned pedagogue at Nantucket, in no State, who used every morning to read a few verses in the Bible, and expound the text as he proceeded in order that he might ascertain who were the bright boys of his school, by asking them questions as to how much they remembered of his commentary. On one occasion he read from the first chapter of Job thus:

"There was a man in Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed evil." "Eschewed evil," that is, he eschewed evil as I do tobacco—he would have nothing to do with it.

With this very clear and forcible elucidation of the meaning of the word eschew, he proceeded until the usual number of verses were read and commented on in a similar manner. After a proper interval, when the young mind had time to digest its food, the pedagogue called up one of the younger boys, and the following dialogue ensued.

Who was that man that lived in Uz?
Job.
Was he a good man?
Yes.
What did he do?
He chewed tobacco, when no body else would have any thing to do with it!

HOOCH.—We perceive by an Ohio paper, that some of the good people of that State have taken it into their heads to bet on hog racing! We should think it would be very uncertain in regard to any of the bettors saving their bacon.

Never trust a married man with a secret who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister—and her sister will tell any body and every body.